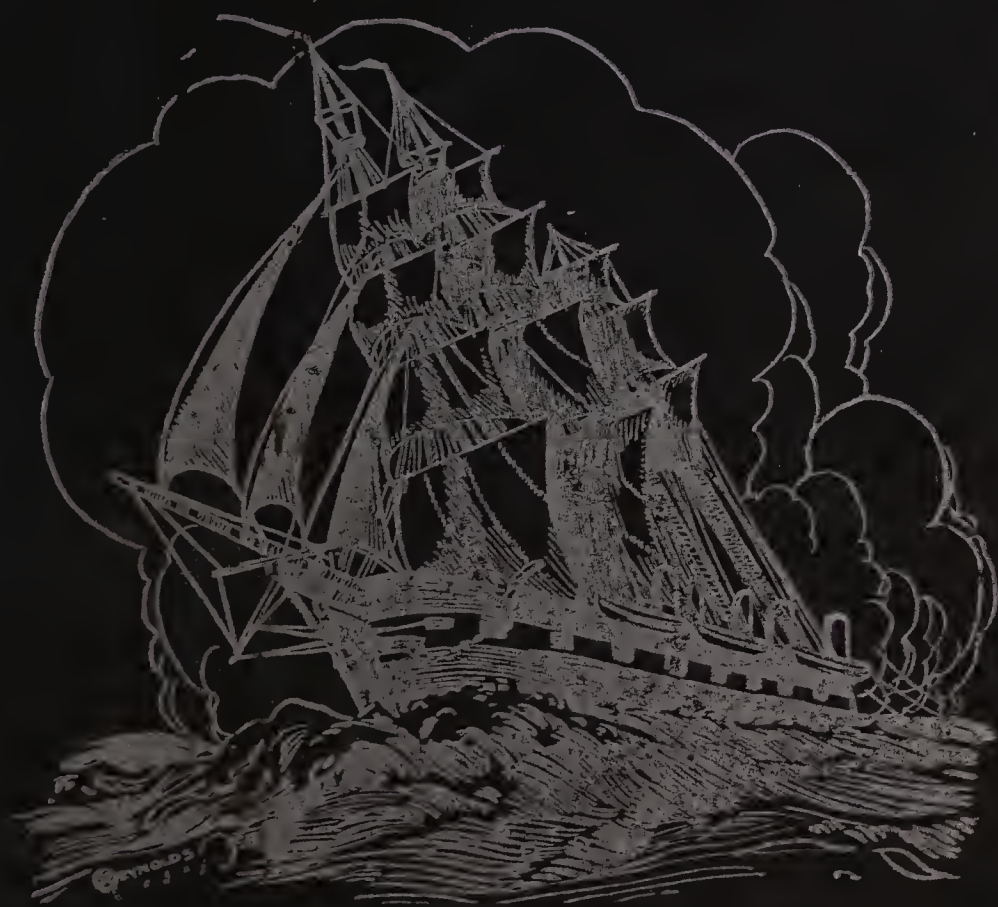


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THE STAFF

OF THE
HUTTLESTONIAN
TAKES JUSTIFIABLE PLEASURE
IN DEDICATING
THIS ISSUE
TO
COACH SAMUEL SEZAK
WITH THE SINCERE HOPE THAT
THE DURATION OF HIS FUTURE AT
THE FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL
BE COMMENSURATE WITH
HIS SUCCESS IN
THE PAST

62363

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Art Editor

WEE LEE WONG

The Royal Banquet

Priscilla Place

The fire is kindled,
Aroma of food,
Bustling,
Beautiful linen,
The banquet.

Queenly Dido in the center,
Royal purple drapings,
Gold,
Gems,
Feast on the tables,
Noise and hilarity,
Servants,
Food,
Blood-red wine.

With an abundancy of personal coloring and modernism of style surely not to be found in Virgil's dactylic hexameter, Miss Place presents her translation from "The Aeneid" picturing the banquet given by Dido, queen of Carthage, in honor of her guest, Aeneas, the mythical founder of the Roman race.

Dido kindles with love for Aeneas,
Forgets the past,
Longing,
Desire.
Iopas plays on his lyre,
Sings, sings, sings.
Fire smoulders.
Lamps gleam,
Purple,
Jewels,
Aeneas tells of his troubles,
Passion of Dido,
Destined for tragedy.
Sad,
Unlucky,
The fire goes out.

Black Revenge

Lazarus Alexion

I

JIM was watching the dancers grotesquely jump and writhe about the fire. He felt rather light-headed and gay, and he raised the bottle to his lips again. "Ah — !" The more he drank the better it tasted, and the better he felt. Upon a sudden impulse, he joined the savages in their contortions. They, under the influence of their emotions, were yelling and leaping almost into the fire; Jim, under the influence of his whiskey, followed suit.

The wooden god, Uh-La, woodenly watched them through his wooden eyes as he sat upon his wooden throne. He was the almighty devil-god, who punished all who dared to question his godliness and all who disrespected him. He was god of gods, highest, most majestic, and most terrible.

This festival was in Uh-la's honor, and he would be feted for seven days and nights, after which time all the dancers would drop, well nigh dead from exhaustion.

Jim, twisting and cavorting with the bottle in his hand, thought that somehow those wooden eyes were mocking him. Up to that time, he had borne no malice toward Uh-la, but now some wild impulse made him dash up to the god and hit his highness such a blow on the nose with the whiskey bottle, that that most worthy organ was cracked.

Immediately all activity stopped. Everyone looked as if struck by something undefinable. Jim laughed and expected them to laugh, but they did not. Only the eldest of them, Nah-ta, spoke.

"You have insulted Uh-la the Terrible, Uh-la the Avenger, God of Gods. We cannot touch you, for you are accursed and you shall be dealt with as He decrees.

Jim laughed loud at this and then, quite suddenly, dropped at the feet of Uh-la. The liquor had done its work.

* * * * *

Jim awoke and looked about him. He was lying at the foot of the wooden image of Uh-la. He faintly remembered hitting the nose of the god with the bottle, and this recollection brought a chuckle.

II

The mosquitoes, Jim thought, must have been having a merry time with him last night, for his body itched in a way that almost brought tears to his eyes. But no, this was not a mosquito bite. He looked at his leg. It was swollen in many places an inch high, and one swelling had, in a certain way, cracked the skin, and he could see a black fleshy substance through the crack. He must be dreaming. The black seemed to come farther out. He looked with incredulity and fear. Lord, he was stark mad. There was Nah-ta's head. There were his eyes, his mouth, his neck, his body. — God what is this? — Then the miniature Nah-ta-spoke —

“You have insulted Uh-la the Terrible, Uh-la the Avenger, the God of Gods. We did not touch you for you were accursed and now you have been dealt with as he decreed.”

Jim was raving; he tried to grasp the little body, but it eluded his fingers. With screeching horror, he saw another tiny Nah-ta arise from his broken flesh. As the third little black man came in view, he screamed and clutched at the tiny fiend. And then a shudder ran through his body, and he was cast into oblivion.

A Drama From Life

Paul Fisher

LIFE is a very strange, a very unpredictable affair. As this sentence is being fashioned, it is not with the view of revealing a startling philosophical theory. From the first days, this general thought has fought itself into clarification though the interpretations varied as did the mode of that time. Today, it is the vogue to call Life — with a capital “L” — strange and unpredictable. This vogue has been nurtured by pedants who would have people regard them as thinkers, and by the comparative few who honestly do expend much contemplation on the subject. I lay pretension to neither category, but rather bear out my opening remark by a story, utterly truthful and barren in exaggeration of personal coloring.

Once in a great while comes a story which, by its surprising twists, by the unprecedented trails it follows, by the uncommon characters who people it, by the bizzare action it involves, and the unique setting which serves as its reflector, bids fair to be the delight of the writer. Personally, I believe I have such a one in the history of Jean Giraudon.

Jean Giraudon was a typical French youth. His parents were of bourgeois stock. He was of average intellect, had average desires, and average dislikes. It becomes evident that he might very appropriately be termed “average”, as indeed he might have, had it not been for the fact that he brimmed with vitality and enthusiasm. Occasionally he directed these traits into useful channels; more often, he did not.

He started down the wrong channel after he had read Marx. Engels gave him steam, a few radicals at college fired him further, and Jean did the rest. That Monsieur J. Firon Flambert, Minister of Education, was corrupting thousands of young minds according to Jean’s sincere belief. It took but a few drinks to present Monsieur Flambert as a dragon, stuffing worn-out, impractical dogmas down the very throats of rosy-faced children.

But Monsieur Flambert was not a dragon. A milder man is hard to picture. He feared everyone from his dictatorial wife to his spoilt son of seven. As Minister of Education he plodded along the course of his predecessor, never once questioning the ability of the latter.

Jean undertook to set the bed of this man afire while he slept, and thus rid France of this menace. Whether it was because the young man was a novice at this sort of procedure, or whether there was an unfavorable draft is unknown; but the fire was unsuccessful. Jean, who broke his leg as he jumped from the bedroom window, was caught.

Though the worthy Minister of Education was not even scorched, his nervous system had suffered a severe shock. Like all timid people who have been frightened, he shrieked that something be done about it. Was such a base attempt on the life of a public servant to go unpunished? Were young fanatics to be allowed to cavort about, setting fire to such sanctuaries as one's own bed? No! Let the law be upheld! Upheld it was — emphatically so.

Jean Giraudon was sentenced to seven years in French Guiana on the Ile Royale. For being twenty-two, impressionable, and flighty, he was condemned to die. Seven years on the Ile Royale is a synonym for death; French finesse, it is likely, is the reason for the usage of the longer phrase.

Be as it may, Jean awoke in a stifling hold of a prison ship one day and heard the anchor rattle into the water. Despair had never entered his mind, even during the two days when breathing had seemed impossible, and two of his comrades had died from a cruel mingling of hunger, fear and inhuman abuse. Men that were sent into French Guiana need never be accounted for. That they were not dead within a short time was the fault of some perverse spark in their bodies which refused to be extinguished, and such stubbornness merited much punishment.

The prisoners were jerked up the hatchway; and one unfortunate fellow who stumbled was hauled up bodily by the

ring about his ankle, while his head bobbed giddily about, finally coming to rest on the deck in so smashing a blow that he never regained consciousness.

If Jean's hope for any future ever hit a low ebb, it must have been when he gazed on the place where he was to exist for the next seven years. Sand was everywhere, spasmodically dotted with the straggling bush which hugged the ground. The torpid heat of the sun obscured the prison in a dusty haze, but through the filmy transparency that this offered might be seen the low bamboo huts in a barbed wire enclosure. Outside the wire were the homes of the officials. Guards dozed on upraised platforms shaded with thatched reeds. Trees were non-existent, the only thing which reached for the sky being the gallows in the center of the huts; and this quite often was the center of activity in the depressing community.

A life of free action ended for Jean when he was spit upon the shore by the final launch from the ship that had brought him from his dear France. The convicts were marshaled before the prison doctor, slapped a few times in various parts of their anatomies out of formality as prescribed by some law, and declared fit for prison life. Two years later, Jean was again to come before this doctor under the most bizarre of circumstances.

As I have stated, death was expected of all. The guards often placed bets on how long such and such a prisoner was going to last. It is not so long, for death stares one at every turn on the Ile Royale. Revolver shots from the warders lessen the roll call as do their lead tipped quirts which they use preferably to the firearm if the day is not too hot. Mosquitoes carry on a very effective anti-populist campaign. And, as if this were not enough, the convicts frequently kill one another.

This last way of death may be pardoned. They work in couples, their feet bound together with a short iron chain. Each waits the moment when the other shall momentarily relax his guard, then a pick-axe or shovel will fall and an absent-minded convict will have accidentally met death.

The guards never bear malice against the one at fault for cheating them of sport, and sometimes he is allowed to go single for a few weeks. It is generally with this liberty in mind, that prisoner kills prisoner — to feel just a little bit of “la belle”, their word for liberty.

The chief type of labor engaged in by the criminal is road building. It is the occupation which shows us the utter futility of their very existence. First of all, the road is never used because all commerce on the island is carried on in the bay when ships bring supplies and relief garrisons. Secondly, the road is never finished. Under a blazing sun, shackled to each other, beaten by uncomfortable guards, the builders, as is to be expected, can not work at any rate of speed worthy of mention. By the time they have completed a length of a mile, the part finished a fair period of time ago lies buried beneath sand and scrub.

Jean was healthy and strong and endured all this for a year without suffering as much as did his more disgruntled and embittered comrades. He was young, retained a semblance of gaiety and never seemed to look upon the guards as his enemies — all of which established him in their favor. One in particular became fond of him: Jason Rasset.

Rasset was a graduate of Jean's college, and assistant to the doctor as well as bookkeeper for the colony. He was of Jean's age, naturally sympathetic, and privately saddened by the plight of so fine a fellow. It was he who planted the seeds of escape in Jean's ready mind. It was he who supplied the fertilizer and saw the seeds germinate into a fairly successful plant. I say fairly successful.

There comes a time just before the convict sinks into a deadened lethargy from which he never returns, when he longs for release as during no other time. Two avenues present themselves as means of escape. Both are hideous and beyond the imagination of anyone who has not witnessed the treatment of the compulsory dwellers on these penal islands.

The first method is to convince the doctor that tuberculosis or consumption has been contracted. Once this is

accomplished the convict is sent to the Ile des Anges, from whence escape is a simple matter. The aid of one of the male nurses must be enlisted in this plot for freedom. He procures tuberculosis sputum in the third stage. This is smeared on the handkerchief of the masquerader who demands that he be taken to the doctor, adding that he is afraid he has consumption. The guards are always quick to comply with this request; every so often, the penal islands are visited by plague, a scourge, that is unbelievably impartial to criminal and commandant alike.

Then comes the most daring part of the scheme. Just before the aspirant to freedom enters the medical office, he must put the sputum in his mouth and, upon entering, expectorate it in front of the doctor. The doctors, of course, are no fools, and they fully realize to what extent the prisoners will go in order to rid themselves of this island. But this expectoration fully convinces them at all times, and the supposedly afflicted is sent to the poorly guarded Ile des Anges.

This all sounds very clever, but there is one drawback. The man who has the courage to insert the sputum of the third stage in his mouth may have the good fortune to avoid infection, though he is almost certain to die within a few weeks of galloping consumption.

The second and more preferred method is known as "maquillage" which, translated, means "make-up." The make-up is effected by cutting off fingers, burning eyes, pretending madness and epilepsy — in short, the simulation of leprosy. This method is less dangerous than the former, but far more painful and enduring. To be deported for leprosy takes at least two years of preparation.

This is the procedure when escape is sought in this manner. Once again the aid of one of the nurses must be acquired. He secretly writes away to a leper colony for some leper virus, a privilege allowed his medical ranking, which he has forwarded to whatever city he enjoys his leave in. This transaction takes many months, sometimes stretching over a year. During this time the prisoner must train himself to endure all

sorts of pain, for leprosy deprives one of all sensitiveness. He must learn to grin foolishly when a needle is jabbed into the sole of his foot, not to cry out when his arm is pricked while he is sleeping, and to appear unconcerned when a match is held to his nose. This may seem impossible, and yet practice and will-power can accomplish it.

When such fakir-like control is attained over the body and the leper virus has arrived, the stage is set for the final act. A finger is lopped off, leper virus is soaked into a handkerchief, and secreted beneath the finger nails. All bleeding of amputated members is stopped by a herb that not only holds back the hemorrhage, but leaves markings peculiar to leprosy. Then a brother convict goes and tells the authorities that he does not want to be near a leper. The investigation is carefully made, and, if control of the body can be maintained, freedom is in the offing. How much freedom means to these men who will endure all this in her behalf!

It was to the simulation of leprosy that Jean Giraudin bent all his effort. Valuable information was imparted to him by Rasset. Late at night, when the latter came into the bamboo barracks to check on the inmates, he would bury a needle into one of Jean's nerve centers. At first the youth cried out in agony, waking his fellows who would yawn unconcernedly and turn over with the thought that it was just another guard having fun. As weeks sped by the cry dwindled into a muffled sob, and finally there was no sound at all. Then, since this was regarded as the final test of control, Jean's partner brought his leprosy complaint to the commandant. Giraudin was ordered isolated. The doctor afforded him an examination which gave every indication of his being contaminated. After that, it amused Jean to see how all kept their distance from him. He answered all the questions fired at him in a manner that his friend, Rasset, had told him would make his dismissal from Ile Royale a certainty.

For seven days, Jean was placed under the closest surveillance. There were still doubts in the mind of the doctor, even though that worthy healer placed many yards between his person and that of the afflicted. The finishing touch was neces-

sary, so Jean cut off his little finger, massaging the ragged stump with the herb which put an end to the bleeding. The doctor was convinced that he was dealing with a case of advanced leprosy, and the young man was prepared for the leper colony on the Ile Lawrence which was some twenty miles inland on the Macon River.

Perhaps it would have been more accurate to have said that he prepared himself, for everyone avoided him as they would have avoided any personification of death. On the packet which was to take him away, he was thrown into a hatch, given water, bread, and some sort of canned meat, and left there for the thirty-six hours necessitated for the journey. Time did not drag in this wooden inferno; already Jean was dreaming of what he was going to do, the girls he was going to dance with, the people he was going to talk with as soon as he reached Rio de Janerio.

The hours slipped by as he amused himself with this happy occupation, and he was even a little rueful when the hatch was lighted and the daylight protruded itself into his privacy, causing his eyelids to contract involuntarily. He was aware that a man was coming down the steps, and the next thing he knew was that an arm was flung about his shoulders and a priest was chatting cheerfully to him as they mounted the ladder. This was the first show of open compassion that Jean had witnessed in more than three years. Tears threatened, and it was only by sheer force of will power that he was able to press them back, making his eyes burn with the rage of suppression.

Now accustomed to the light, he looked at his friend. Slightly built, the priest seemed a spirit clothed in a flowing cassock, endowed by mystic interference with the ability to appear as though it harboured the body of a man. His hands, one of which rested on Jean's shoulder, were like the claws of a bird only whiter and more tapering. His face would have impelled a second glance from the most insensitive of men. It was one which spoke of suffering not for self but for others, and, deeper than that layer of suffering, was a certain sad, resigned glow of happiness. All this could be read in his eyes,

blue and frank, into which one might gaze and probe the very depths of this man, knowing that the reaction obtained would be correct.

A feeling of guilt enveloped Jean. This was the one whom he was going to dupe, the one who, obviously, would be responsible for him, on whom would fall the blame for his escape. For a split second, Jean's plan tottered and then swiftly regained its equilibrium. Too much had been endured, too much was waiting for him — he must go on, and it was a dictate of fate that the simple-minded priest must pay for his freedom. Perhaps, mused Jean as he threaded his way up a winding path overhung with foliage still glistening with myriads of cobwebs of morning dew, the priest would consider this added trouble as just one step nearer Heaven.

The Ile Lawrence remained Jean's world for six months, and he was sure that a lovelier spot did not grace the world. After three years of sand and sun, there were trees and brooks and moss, and freedom to wander and enjoy all this. Often he would lay on the moss, listening to the alternating melancholic murmur and rippling laughter of the brook, smelling the air pregnant with the heavy scent of heliotrope, such as only twilight can sire, and, occasionally, entertaining the thought of passing his life here with no respect for tomorrow and no care for today.

There is a strong likelihood that this might have come to pass had it not been for the fact that, lovely as the island might be, it was given over to lepers and, regardless of the cautions that Jean might take, his position was precarious. It was when they allowed him the privilege of roaming about the island unattended that he first began to formulate his plans for escape.

He knew, from information imparted to him by Rasset, that the Ile Lawrence was four miles from the mainland and that the waters thereabouts were infested by baracudas. His only means of departing from the island were either to hide in the packet which brought the provisions, and this was too risky, or to fashion some sort of a raft or canoe that would get him across the river. He commenced building a raft,

felling about one tree a day down on the farther and seldom-ever-frequented end of the island. When he had a sufficiency of logs, he cut them to a common length and bound them with rawhide stolen from the home of the insane lepers.

All was now in readiness for the final step to freedom, a step which had taken nearly three years to arrive at. There could be, there must be, no slip. To prevent the authorities from doubting the authenticity of his affliction he had cut off another finger, following up this procedure by rubbing the deceiving herb on both the wound and his entire body. One night, exactly six months from the date of his arrival, after the inspection of the nurse, he slipped through the window by his bed, and made for the secluded little cove, in which his raft lay provisioned and waiting. With only the approving darkness as witness and the sound of the loose, lackadaisical lapping of the incoming tide, Jean put to sea.

The few miles he paddled seemed to stretch into infinity. A strong wind impeded him, and his state of mind, as he thought how he was betraying Father Simal's trust in him, was not conducive to haste. So emerged would he become in his reveries, that he would suddenly become aware of the fact that he had been drifting. As dawn began to tint the horizon, he was filled with the fear that he had lost his course.

Then he noticed a black ridge over which the sun was casting rays. His first thought, that this blackness heralded an approaching storm, was banished when, after paddling furiously for a brief time, he discovered that it was the skyline of the gently swaying jungle foliage.

Ashore, he flung himself on the soil which would lead him directly to freedom, alternately pressing his feverish cheeks into the hard-packed sand. His mind could fasten to no definite thought or emotion, but rather whirled giddily about in a fashion over which he had no control nor attempted to exercise any. It was enough to know that he was going to live again, be free again, be happy again.

After the flush of ecstasy had deepened into a warm, satisfying glow, Jean pushed the raft out into the current of

the river, and made himself a bed in a secluded bunch of bushes. He waited until the cool of evening had commenced to temper the heat of the vanquished day, and then started on his way.

The first village he came to was run by traders who, understanding whence and why he came, clothed and fed him. But when they had heard his story about the stay in a leper colony, the warmth of their hospitality rapidly diminished. Two weeks later, Jean set out for Cayenne with a trading party.

It had been Jean's plan to get on a boat out of Cayenne bound for Rio de Janerio. Every moment he tarried on French soil he was in danger of being taken into custody by the police. If this happened, it would mean his life. But work was scarce around the docks, and, if expert hands were not required, credentials were; Jean defaulted in both requisitions.

In order to live, he became a waiter and strong-arm man in one of the dives down near the docks. One night a drunken sailor whom he was ejecting, thrust a corkscrew deep into the palm of his hand. There was no sensation whatsoever. Jean tried to convince himself that he did not feel the pain that a normal person would have felt, because he had practised immunity to it, like the Indian fakirs. But he knew that he lied. On the Ile Royale when he was inflicted with pain a message was telegraphed to his brain, which told him to keep still quicker even than his primitive instinct to cry out asserted itself. This time there had been no necessity to brace his body through his mind to accept the hurt silently. And the fact that he was unaware of any corporal discomfit signified but one thing; he had leprosy. The stay on the Ile Lawrence had been fatal!

He lost his job at the dive and was ousted from his rooming house as soon as the unmistakable stench of his disease became noticeable. It was inevitable that the authorities should hear of him. They found him one day burning with fever on the outskirts of the city. He was removed to the home for lepers, or hansonians as they prefer to be called, on Mt. Canthus.

It was there that I saw him. He was twenty-nine and appeared at least sixty. He may be dead at the time that this is written, or he may live to be ninety; but always he will be confined as a leper. His face was still clear of the tubercles, but his skin was scaly and his nasal organs were clogged with a blackish pus which rendered what little speaking he did indistinct. Though he still retained a measure of his indomitable cheerfulness, his eyes, blue ringed with red, were those of a child, who is bewildered by events which have passed too rapidly for his immature intellect to grasp. As I left, I forgetfully extended my naked hand, and he, shaking his head sadly, fastened his eyes on the setting sun which threw into relief his hideousness.

It is this story which I offer as basis for my assertion that life is a very strange and unpredicable affair. To take this as a manifestation of all of the queer quirks in Life, would be an injustice to that which perfects a variational series of events for each individual to follow. If there are those who doubt my general conviction, let them look about for a brief interval in their evidently crowded, unthinking existences, and then let them say, with any degree of earnestness, that man lives through a humdrum chain of recurrent incidents.

Thoughts

Norma Banks

God took the sweetest, sweetest rose,
The freshest, greenest grass,
The honey of a million bees,
And made an English lass.

God took the strongest of all things,
The tend'rest thing he had,
Most passionate, most lovable,
And made an English lad.

God took two sweetest things in life,
Put them heart to heart,
Tied them with the tenderest love,
So they would never part.

The Moving Pictures

Ruby Helford

I am a great lover of the movies. In them I find much educational value besides real entertainment. This is especially true of the pictures that appeal so strongly to the high school girl and boy. Let me name a few of them.

"Little Women" was superbly acted and left an impression that will never be forgotten. Katherine Hepburn, who played the leading role of "Jo", was truly wonderful in her part. This story will certainly live on forever.

"David Copperfield", played by Freddie Bartholomew, was another movie of great value to all who saw it. It pictured in a dramatic way the old story. As a matter of fact, I saw it several times and I never grew tired of doing so.

"A Tale of Two Cities" is another motion picture that had school value. The star, Ronald Coleman, gave a splendid performance as Sydney Carton, the immortal character of Charles Dickens.

"The Last of the Mohicans" was a vivid movie of Indian life, and proved the heroism of both the pioneers and the redmen.

"Midsummer's Nights Dream" was an unusual picture, most fascinating, with beautiful camera scenes and with musical strains that left you breathless.

The picture "Les Miserables", like the novel, was excellent. A wonderful actor, Frederic March, seemed to live the part of Jean Valjean.

I could continue for sometime naming other moving pictures just as interesting and valuable as those already briefly described. To my mind, they are of great benefit not only as healthy amusement, but also because of their great educational value. I hope that the picture producers will continue to give us movies of that fine type—and if they do, every high school pupil will patronize them, for there is no finer supplement to education.

Evolution of a Male

Dorothy Carr

DUE to the fact that I am of the feminine sex, I must profess a certain amount of ignorance in regard to the male species. I feel, however, that I am able to look upon the members of that sex in a far more unbiased light than could the most impartial male himself. It is to be borne in mind that this is not intended as a reflection upon any one member but rather as on the entire sex, noting their advance from the tender years to young manhood.

It is my opinion that the progression of the boy can most closely be followed by the changing styles of his wearing apparel. The first type of clothing he wears is diapers, an obsolete remembrance. Junior doesn't tarry here for long, but soon proceeds into the more mature state of rompers. Short pants are next considered to befit the energetic lad, as he cavorts among puddles and erects mansions of mud.

One of Sonny's most joyful periods of life is when he first dons his knickers. He then blossoms as a modern, youthful Frankenstein, instilling terror in the hearts of the diminutive lasses of his acquaintance. The parents of the young hopeful are continually amazed at their son's evident ability to be forever floundering in a sea of hot water — a condition obtained by the breaking of windows, trampling of gardens, and other vandalism in general.

Once more, a pair of pants signifies an epochal stage in the evolution of Junior — this time, long trousers. The occasion for this great event is most frequently the graduation from grammar school. Parents, grandparents, and whatever other relatives are fortunate enough to be present, gather around and view their rapidly germinating kin. Tears may be shed by the elders, for this event, seemingly trivial in itself, signifies that the years are closing in on them. Midst all this sadness, Junior alone is radiant, for to him, these pants spell added influence over his knicker-garbed friends, of whose cast he was but recently a member.

About this time, Junior becomes imbued with his first love. This fact is manifested by an increase in heretofore unknown occupations. Soap, an evil of civilization, becomes a weapon in the war of devotion. He applies himself to the frustration of previously unruly hair, obtaining helpful hints in regard to his coiffure from prominent stars of the cinema. He assiduously removes the traces of mourning from beneath his fingernails. There is an awakening interest in clothes previously disregarded. The lad may even attempt to dash off a few bits of romantic poetry. Though Junior feels that this is undying devotion, his elders are apt to give it the degrading label of "puppy-love."

It is now safe to view our subject as he wends his weary way through high school. By the time he is a sophomore, if he is a manly sort of fellow, he will have found the silky traces of what promises to become a beard. This weighs heavily upon his mind, until he has finally gone through the important procedure of shaving. As he descends from the bathroom, to which he furtively ascended, his ears are pricked for the amazed cry, "Why, Junior, you've shaved!" But no such cry is forthcoming, and he sits down dejectedly, careful to remain in full view of all. It appears as though no respect is to be paid to this daring feat, and the youth is just about to timidly mention the event when his father glares over the top of the newspaper and grumbles "Quit using my razor!" That is all, but a grave injury has been inflicted on Junior's masculine pride. He silently vows to avenge this disregard by growing a long, black beard in order to shock the conservative neighbors and shame his belittling parents — not taking into consideration the amount of time necessary for him to accomplish so prodigious a stunt.

The cruel slight afforded him by this humiliation is but little in comparison with that which he receives when first he enters the house nonchalantly puffing at a recently acquired pipe. This time, parental authority takes form in more of a "slam" than a slight, and a lecture on the evils of narcotics is promptly delivered to the frightened and bewildered youth by an aroused household. The harms are made more emphatic by the dire threats of what will happen to him if he is ever

seen indulging again. The garage or barn remains Junior's only sanctuary as he follows the course of growing up prescribed by boys his senior, until his irate but docile parents become consoled to their son's new fad.

And here my knowledge hits a low ebb. If I must stick to facts and retain the truth maintained throughout this revelation, it is necessary that I confess my ignorance, beyond this stage in the evolution of the male. This lack of information may be attributed to the fact that I have come into intimate contact with no males other than those of my immediate family (about whom I cannot write unbiasedly) who have advanced beyond that period of masculine development last cited.

To you, who have waded through this treatise, I have inadequately presented some of the highlights in the existence of the American male, from birth to the ripe age of seventeen or eighteen years. Thus we shall leave him, and trust to personal experience and more able portrayers to fill in the gaps and consummate this insufficient picture.

A Thought

Jean McKoan

I believe
This day will be
The best there is for you and me.

I hope
Tomorrow's sun
Will bring an even happier one.

I love
Each day of life
Filled more with peace and less with strife.

I know
Faith, hope, and love
Will lead to days in Heaven above.

Satire

Shirley Kanter

You can never tell about a woman; you shouldn't anyhow!
There were just as many careless drivers thirty years ago,
but the horses had more sense.

A pedestrian is a man whose son is home from college.
She called her husband "Theory", because he so seldom
worked.

The car to watch is the car behind the car in front of you.
Diplomacy is the art of letting someone else have your
way.

When a woman talks about her past she's confessing;
when a man does he's bragging.

Half the world does not know how the other half lives,
but it has its suspicions.

As nearly as one can analyze, George Bernard Shaw has
outlived the time for which he was born too soon.

War does not determine who is right — only who is left.

The father of six children bought a daschund, so all six
children could pet him at once.

We have a head on us for the same reason that a pin has—
to keep us from going too far.

Epitaph: The tomb monument of a certain genial host
bears his name and the inscription "This is on me."

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE WRITE

A corps is a dead gentleman, and a corpse is a dead lady.
Inertia is the ability to rest.

A martyr is a pile of wood set on fire with a man on top.
A sinister is an old maid.

Nero was a cruel tyrant who used to torture his subjects
by playing the fiddle to them.

There were no Christians among the early Gauls — most
of them were lawyers.

Just before Nathan Hale was hung, he said, "Give me
liberty or give me death."

Ad Astra

Catherine Morey

What beauty
Belongs to the shining night,
With the innumerable
Lights of heaven sprinkling dust
Through untrammeled space!

Stars—
Soberly staid,
Big and little,
Bright and little,
Bright and dim,

Stars—
Unchanged and unchanging
In time.
Somber, glorious figures trooping
The great spaces,

Each carrying its own message
To a world of discouragement.
One inspiring hope,
Another conceiving dreams,
And all instilling in us

Desire and courage.
Courage to search
For the higher things in life.
The stars look down,
Do they find us looking up?

Youth and Politics

Arthur Milhench

"COMMUNIST", "hypocrite", "Dictator", "Red", — such was the propaganda thrown in all directions by every known medium throughout the recent political campaign. Now the widely ballyhooed national election of 1936 is over and we, in turn, pass from unrest into what we hope will be four years of tranquillity and prosperity. The populace once again settles down to take their respective places in society. What does the future hold for these people? What are they to expect?

Soothsayers present a prodigious amount of highly diversified, and in no way related predictions from which we may choose. Some prognosticate a one party government upholding the democratic ideals of the constitution, while others claim that we shall fall prey to Communism, Fascism, or Socialism. The latter forecast may appear fantastic, but it cannot be disregarded inasmuch as it is based on authentic information and current happenings. One has only to observe the existing conditions in our maritime unions, where Marx-iams have gained an astoundingly strong foothold, to convince himself that this statement is not the result of alarmist tendencies. To further the proof of this personal conviction, I might here mention Sinclair Lewis and his book, "It Can't Happen Here." To predict the future, would be folly, and even H. G. Wells might hesitate.

But in whatever political changes the coming years may effect, we, the students of today, will be implicated. We will determine the course of America, of democracy, and perhaps of the world. We will be the ones to choose between a happy livelihood and strife with devastation. Such great powers are difficult to conceive, yet they inevitably await us.

With its self devaluation, youth is all too readily inclined to declare itself impotent and insignificant. Foresight and realization, now, will help us to determine the policies we wish our executives to pursue. At present, while we are still stud-

ents, and in a position to ascertain unprejudiced information, worthwhile and beneficial habits can be formed. Open discussion and a wide scope of reading will aid us in meeting this momentous challenge. Lately, youth has received more attention and consideration; thus, his education is becoming broader and more modern. This is just one advantage given him in order that he may fill his coming duty, the duty of maintaining and preserving our present desirable form of government.

Lady's Choice

Janice Eldredge

If you are planning to go to college
To satisfy that thirst for knowledge,
Then you have shared my anticipation,
My worry and my tribulation.

The catalogues come pouring round me.
They come as if they're out to drown me!
But I have not made up my mind yet.
My alma mater I cannot find yet.

I feel the urge to go pell-mell, now,
To the grand old college of dear Cornell, How?
"Tsk, tsk! Tut, tut!" my parents say here.
"Cornell is much too far away, dear."

Next I mention Middlebury—
I'd like to go there in a hurry!
Perhaps Tufts, Wellesley, or Bryn Mawr,
Or Poughkeepsie, dear Vassar.

Maybe it isn't the thirst for knowledge
That drives one madly towards plans for college;
But gay and joyous anticipation
The exciting worry and tribulation!

Defending the High School Curriculum

Isabel Tuell

IN this era of advanced education, there are many courses of study offered to secondary school pupils, which are classed as superfluous by a great number of people. These critics believe that a simple and strict drilling in the three "R's" is sufficient, and that students who desire further specialization should plan to go to college. They maintain that too much money is extracted from them by school taxes in a time when it is hard to pay for bare necessities.

In opposition to this point of view is that of persons who believe that the student should have the opportunity to study in every possible field, so that he may be able to decide in what subject he wishes to specialize. The liberal thinker also believes that, because the education of many youths ends at high school graduation, as broad a knowledge as possible should be acquired by him before this time.

For those who do go to college, there is a wide gap between their studies in preparatory schools and in their new curriculum. Subjects such as elementary Psychology and Philosophy, taught in high schools, help to shorten this long step between schools. Economics and Political Science are likewise an excellent background for the college student. These same subjects also aid the student who does not further his education, in that they broaden his intellect in preparation for domestic and civil life.

Many people feel that Algebra and Geometry will not do the future baker, office clerk, or artist any good. They do not realize that there is no better way to achieve systematic reasoning than by pursuing a course in these subjects. Nor do they know what opportunity for the connection of the actual with the theoretical the student of mathematics has.

Anyone who has had any salesmanship experience and he who has had international relations will realize the importance of modern language courses. And the best background for these, of course, is Latin.

Domestic Science and Manual Training, two subjects whose worth has been debated for many years, are truly beneficial to the students. The people who feel that these arts should be taught at home have not learned that conditions do not always permit this.

Art is another frowned-upon subject. Those who defend its place in the school course will show the doubter that it prepares future householders for making their homes attractive, and it offers a means for the shy pupil to express himself.

Music, like Art, is deemed to be a part of the fancy trimmings which are not needed by the ordinary student. But here again is a means for the quiet person to express himself. When home conditions prohibit the purchase of instruments and instruction, is there a better place for him to receive attention than in the public school?

Science has often been classed as unnecessary in the education of youth. But is it not well for him to have a fair knowledge of his environment and the working of the human body? The arguments for physical education are similar. If the youth learns the proper use of his muscles and other organs, he will benefit in later years. Organized sport furthers this knowledge, and teaches him cooperation and self-discipline.

At this time, when there are so many drivers on the highways, and a large percentage of them youthful, it is especially appropriate to have courses in driving and elementary mechanics. More and more people are being convinced of the value of such courses.

There are several subjects which every one agrees to be necessary in a high school course. We hope that some day all critics will realize that a broader and more liberal education should be provided for every secondary pupil.

The Character of Rip Van Winkle

Evelyn Teixeira

RIP VAN WINKLE, a simple, good natured, happy fellow, was a henpecked husband, who was nagged by a virage, his wife. He was a descendant of Peter Stuyvesant, but alas! he inherited but little of the fine character of his ancestors. No matter how full of weeds his garden would be, he never tended to his business, but was on his feet to help his friend at any time. Although it seems to me his hobby was laziness, we mustn't turn against Rip, for he was a fine man. An obedient husband and a kind neighbor was this happy mortal of foolish, well-oiled disposition. The children enjoyed playing with Rip, but I regret to say no matter how kind and submissive he was, Rip Van Winkle was still a lazy person, who would sit on a rock and fish all day for nothing.

Brothers

Ruth Patasini

BROTHERS are supposed to be a sister's protector, so a girl with five of them should have a perfect time. In books, it is the brother who takes all the hard knocks and scoldings.

I still remember the day when one of my brothers was playing with a toy airplane in the house, with me an innocent spectator. The airplane accidentally hit our goldfish-bowl and broke it. Now, it isn't very pleasant to have fish swimming on your parlor rug. When mother came in, my brother had disappeared, leaving me alone with the airplane and broken goldfish-bowl. Of course, I was blamed, and you can use your imagination as to what the outcome was.

Our family car holds seven with squeezing. A good brother would say, "Let sister go. I'll stay at home." My brother says, "Let sister stay at home. I wanta go!"

The only thing, I think, that would be worse than five brothers, would be to have five sisters to quarrel with.

When a Contemporary Met God

Anonymous

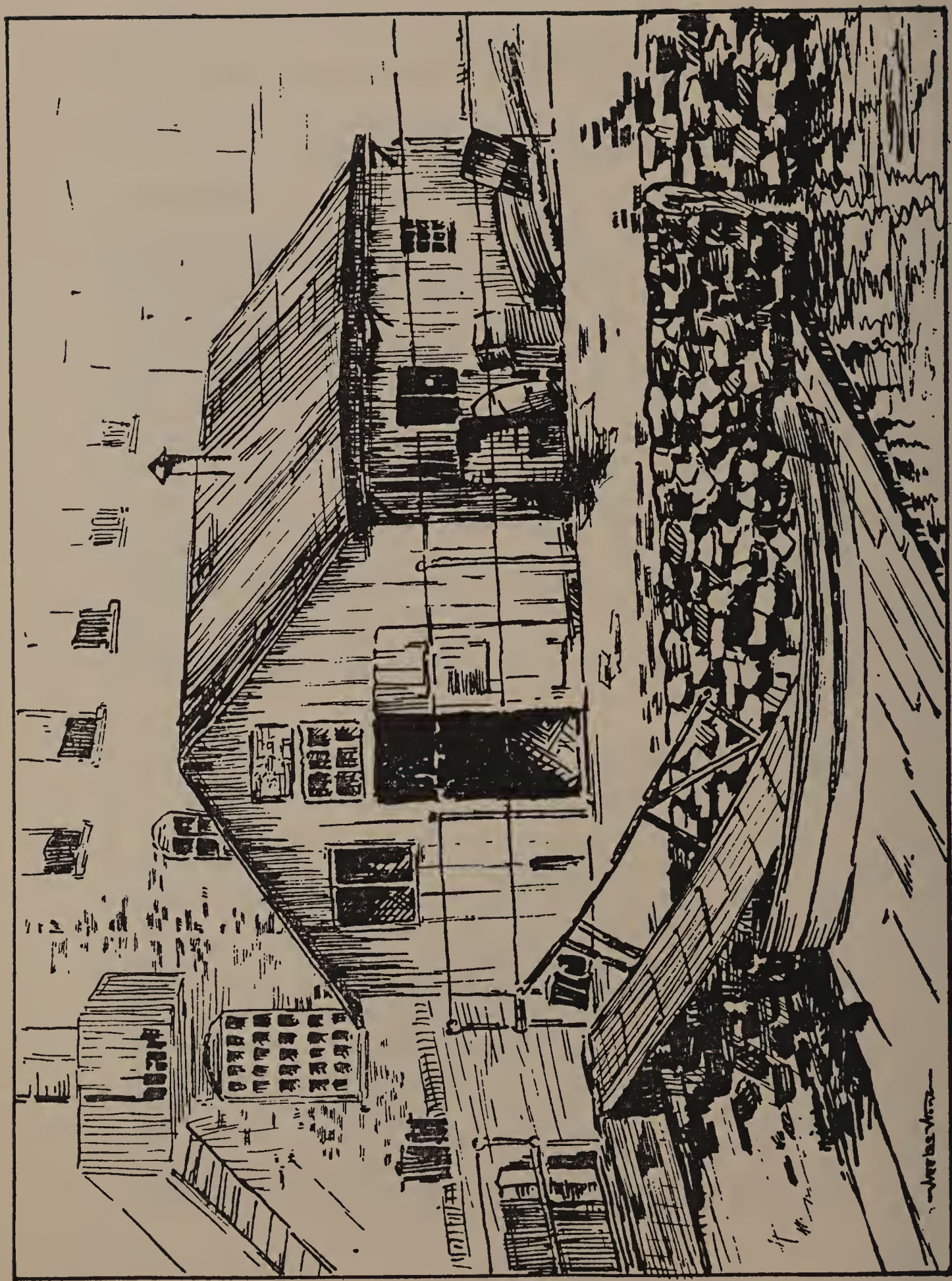
L ORD I ain't much. Like a lot of scientific fellas, I never been bothered about why we're put on earth or where we go when we leave it. I alus figured that while I was there, I was there — for better or for worse. An' I tried to make it for the better. That ain't saying I did anythin'; — guess I can't lay much claim to that. But I shore like to think I made a few happy, made a few forget their troubles. An' if I did do that, then let me tell you I'm plumb satisfied with myself, 'cause I reckon that's just about why we was put on the earth — to give a hand to the other fella. Now, that ain't scientific or philosophical; it's jest a plain fact. Seems like everyone's forgot everyone else these days. I can't turn around without seeing people lying, cheating, and hurting one another. Bein' sort of dumb, I jest can't figure that out. 'Pears like folks ain't folks anymore — gettin' more like animals everyday. And that's a downright shame, after it's taken us all this time to get civilized.

As I Look Forward to My Four Years in High School

John Pratt

As I look forward to my four years of High School, I see much progress and pleasure in store for me. I see enjoyment in the social functions, in the progress in the classes, in learning new and interesting subjects daily and in observing many interesting people. High School combines these two so as not to make study boring as it probably would be without them. As clubs and musical organizations are many, covering a wide range of individual interests, so the courses of study are varied widely to prepare for the different walks of life.

High School will teach me to become better acquainted with the best modes of life and its full enjoyment, an education formerly to be obtained only in universities.



The Boat Yard

Norma Banks

The water's soft slapping on walls green with seaweed,

The creak of a yacht as the sea racks it round,

The protesting sigh as a rope tugs for freedom

All form a symphony—the Boat Yard in sound.

Vain seagulls swooping above the green water

Comparing their wings with the boat-sails so white,

Soft lights and shadows 'round the still boat sheds

All form a picture—the Boat Yard in light.

Tang of the tarred rope—the fresh paint—the ocean,

A rotting old hulk sinking down in the mud,

Ships—water-birds—lying idle and dreaming

Song of the Boat Yard,—it gets in your blood!

Books as Others See Them

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Being more or less closely related to those round shouldered characters with horn-rimmed glasses — slurringly called "bookworms" — the contributors to this article are in a position to recommend books of high caliber as can easily be seen by the imposing lists shown below.

Robert Jackson chooses as his favorite ten:

1. "The Living Jefferson" by James Truslow Adams
2. "Johnny Q. Public Speaks" by Boake Carter
3. "Man, the Unknown" by Alexis Carrel
4. "Sparkenbroke" by Charles Morgan
5. "Green Light" by Lloyd Douglas
6. "Valiant is the Word for Carrie" . . . by Barry Benefield
7. "Discovery" by Richard E. Byrd
8. "Europa" by Robert Briffault
9. "The Voice of Bugle Ann" by MacKinlay Kantor
10. "South" by Frederick Wight

Catherine Morey likes:

1. "Vein of Iron" by Ellen Glasgow
2. "Barren Ground" by Ellen Glasgow
3. "Sorrell and Son" by Warwick Deeping
4. "Appassionata" by Fannie Hurst
5. "They stooped to Folly" by Ellen Glasgow
6. "Heaven's My Destination" by Thornton Wilder
7. "Cold Harbour" by Francis Brett Young
8. "Jalna" by Mazo De la Roche
9. "Swift Lightning" by James Oliver Curwood
10. "The Song of the Lark" by Willa Cather

To please Neil Besse, read:

1. "The Old Curiosity Shop" by Charles Dickens
2. "An Arctic Rodeo" by Daniel W. Streeter

3. "Creative Chemistry" by Edwin Slossom
4. "By Way of Cape Horn" by Alan J. Villiers
5. "Bob, Son of Battle" by Alfred Ollivant
6. "New Worlds to Conquer" by Richard Halliburton
7. "With Lawrence In Arabia" by Lowell Thomas
8. "The Lighthouse at the End of the World"
by Jules Verne
9. "In the Wake of the Buccaneers" . . by A. Hyatt Verrill
10. "What Can A Man Believe" by Bruce Barton

Jean McKoan recommends:

1. "Portrait of a Family" by Eleanor Fajeon
2. "Magnificent Obsession" by Lloyd Douglas
3. "Sky Gypsy" by Claudia Cranston
4. "Mary, Queen of Scotland" by Stefen Zweig
5. "If I Have Four Apples" by Josephine Lawrence
6. "Vein of Iron" by Ellen Glasgow
7. "North to the Orient" by Anne Lindbergh
8. "Great-Aunt Lavinia" by Joseph Lincoln
9. "River House" by Barrett Willoughby
10. "The Old Ashburn Place" by Margaret Flint

According to Charles Arnold you can't afford to miss:

1. "Captain Nicholas" by Hugh Walpole
2. "Anthony Adverse" by Hervey Allen
3. "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" by Franz Werfel
4. "The Wind Blew West" by Edwin Lanham
5. "Magic Mountain" by Thomas Mann
6. "Mamba's Daughters" by DuBose Heyward
7. "Angel" by DuBose Heyward
8. "All Ye People" by Merle Colby
9. "The House of Trujillo" by Anne Cameron
10. "Furious Young Man" by I. A. A. Wylie

Priscilla Place offers these as helpful hints:

1. "As the Earth Turns" by Gladys Hastings Carroll
2. "Young Men in Spats" by P. G. Wodehouse
3. "White Oak Harvest" by Mazo de la Roche

4. "The American Flaggs" by Kathleen Norris
 5. "Gone With The Wind" by Margaret Mitchell
 6. "Stranger Come Home" by Ronald MacDonald
 7. "Defender of Democracy" by Emil Ludwig
 8. "So Red the Rose" by Stark Young
 9. "Mary Peters" by Mary Ellen Chase
 10. "Vanity Fair" by W. M. Thackeray
-

Oh Teacher! My Teacher!

Jacqueline Godreau

O teacher! my teacher! my task is still undone;
My weary brain I've vainly wracked, ideas for poems I've none.
The time is near, the gong I hear, the pupils are exulting;
Here I am, with hollow eye, thinking, thinking, thinking.
Oh marks, marks, marks, you make me feel so blue,
There on the desk my contract lies,
I place my hopes on you.
O teacher, my teacher, look up and hear my plea!
To you my empty brain appeals. Ah woe, woe is me!
To you 'tis but a lesson done; to me it is the bunk.
And I can tell you it's no fun,
To fear that I might flunk.
Here, teacher, dear teacher, lies my dreadful verse.
It isn't good, it's pretty bad,
And yet it might be worse.

Editor's note. This is a parody on "O Captain, My Captain," by Walt Whitman.

Exchanges

Lazarus Alexion

"THE GAZETTE"

Lynn Classical High School — Lynn, Mass.

June 1936

Your stories are exceptionally good. The "Gasjette" is certainly a novel method of presenting school humor. A fine poetry department.

Excerpt from the "Gazette"

"The Thinker Thinks"

That old maids go to church early to be there when the
HIMS are given out.

That the key to good manners is B natural.

That the ship best for the voyage of life is Friendship.

"TRADE WINDS"

Worcester Boy's Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

Autumn 1936

A fine masculine magazine, very well put together. Your "Shop Notes" and Sports departments are exceptionally good. The items in "For Goodness Sake" are as informing as they are humorous.

Excerpt from "Trade Winds"

A Freshman from the Amazon,
Put nighties of his Gramazon,
The reason's that he was too fat
To get his own Pajamazon.

"OUTWARD BOUND"

New Bedford High School — New Bedford, Mass.

November 20, 1936

The article concerning your assistant principal's trip across the continent was well written and very interesting. The little "thought" items sprinkled throughout your paper add to its general literary attractiveness. The "Sally Shopper" column seems to be a fine way to call attention to your advertisers.

"THE SACHEM"

Memorial High School — Middleboro, Mass.

November, 1936

Your magazine, on the whole, is very intriguing. The poems are unusually good, but the stories, I think, could be improved. The "School Notes" is an interesting department, and it is well written.

Excerpt from "The Sachem."

"Oh, no, Sir, you are quite wrong in thinking that it's a coincidence that Columbus, Lincoln and Washington were all born on holidays."

"THE BEACON"

Dighton High School — Dighton, Mass.

November 16, 1936

We wish you lots of success in your new undertaking, your printed paper. "Class Notes" is a splendid column. A few jokes would improve your paper considerably.

Athletics

Harold Woodcock

IT is the happy prerogative of the Huttlestonian's Sport's Staff to cordially welcome at this time two new physical instructors, Mr. Samuel Sezak and Miss Virginia Arnold.

Mr. Sezak, formerly of the Rockland High faculty in Maine, will combine with his duties as gym teacher and Football, Baseball and Basketball coach, the teaching of physiology. This year, with an exceptionally light squad, he has undoubtedly turned out the cleverest team in Bristol County, a team ably generalled by Quarterback Morgan and Captain Freitas. We are certain as you probably have realized, Coach Sezak, that the faculty and student body will cooperate with you to a man, and endeavor in every way to make your task lighter.

Fairhaven High School has displayed a truly distinctive type of football this season, and has acquired an enviable record. Their wide open game combining speed and tricky plays, has produced results which were beyond all expectations at the beginning of the season. The forward pass attack was consistently strong and successful, with exceptional coordination from all the players. In the usual spectacular game with our traditional rival, New Bedford, Fairhaven played outstanding football to outsmart and outscore the heavier Crimson, the final score reading 8-7. The touchdown was scored as a result of the Blue's famous triple lateral play completely fooling the team from across the river. Although the "point after" failed, Center Correia saved the day when he blocked the punt of New Bedford's Cure in back of the goal, for a touch-back, adding the extra two points to Fairhaven's six. It was a clean, hard fought contest throughout, and one that, from a sporting angle, reflected credit on both teams.

Following are the scores of the games played by Fairhaven this season, with the names of Blue players making the touchdowns.

Fairhaven	7	Dartmouth	0—Freitas
Fairhaven	7	Taunton	7—Freitas
Fairhaven	7	Durfee	0—Morgan
Fairhaven	7	Whitman	6—Morgan
Fairhaven	19	Coyle	0—Freitas (2) J. Sylvia

Fairhaven	6	Attleboro	7—Freitas
Fairhaven	8	New Bedford	7—Morgan
Fairhaven	6	Bridgewater	0—Freitas

A full program of girl's athletics for the term is scheduled by the new instructress, Miss Arnold, who was formerly connected with the Sargent School, Boston University.

Hockey, which is to the girls what football is to the boys, has an enthusiastic following and several clever players are out for the team.

Much interest is being shown by the girls in hiking, both afoot and awheel, with basketball, volley ball, badminton, horse-back riding, snow shoeing and ice hockey vying for popularity as colder weather approaches.

Looking into winter and spring activities, we find Freddie Morgan captaining the basketball squad, with Eddie Shurtleff heading the track team, and tennis holding forth with the first spring robins. Tennis, incidentally, is increasing in popularity and is a sport independent of coaching, Captain Leslie Tripp successfully handles the difficult job of managing the team and keeping the courts in order. He has a real star in Nathaniel Guy, New Bedford Singles Junior Champion.

This form of athletics, however, is confined not only to the male sex but has been proven of great interest to the girls. In a mid-September tournament the latter showed some real talent, and the two finalists, Miss Phyllis Taylor and Miss Phyllis Greene, evinced excellent style with the more experienced Miss Taylor finally triumphing 6-2, 7-5. Several years ago two young ladies both named Helen were developing into tennis stars in the same town of Centerville in California; now, in Fairhaven, there are two Phyllises, both still in the embryonic form of development. Perhaps it is just a coincidence, but who knows?

It would be impossible to close any discussion on the athletics of Fairhaven High School without mentioning the "spirit" of the student body. Although always noteworthy, this year it seems especially distinguished, and the attitude and behavior of our students make us proud of Fairhaven High School.

As I Look Back Over My Four Years in High School

Shirley Andrews

LOOKING back over my four years in High School is not altogether an unpleasant task for I find, in the midst of all recollections, moments full of happy memories and abundant good times. Of course, not everything always went smoothly, because there were many disheartening moments. In spite of these, however, the most prominent incidents were those of felicitousness.

The great feeling of friendship and cooperation among classes and students seemed to make the school a well organized body, to which every member heartily belonged. As a result of this situation, we were able to have many successful times together, including numerous class parties, dances, and plays.

When I was in the grade schools, the mere mention of High School filled me with all sorts of aspirations, and at that time the building itself was a symbol representing part of my uncertain future. When, at last, I found myself actually within its walls, my feelings were mingled with awe and pride. The system of the school was different from any I had ever experienced before, and, although it was not long before I had acclimated myself to it, my thoughts often return to those first few days. Gradually my confidence in my friends and surroundings grew, until the year had quickly passed, and we, as a class, were then elevated from the ranks of Freshmen to Sophomores. To us, that promotion was a huge step up the long and difficult ladder of success. Nothing of great significance seemed to stand out at that time except that we were all working with enthusiasm to form a strong, solid foundation upon which we could securely base our further knowledge. The initiation of the Sophomore girls by the Girls Athletic Association made us feel even closer attached than ever to the school, and we began to be more considerate and less self-centered.

Passing into our Junior Year, we tried even harder to help maintain the standards and reputation of the school, so that when we reached the stage of "dignified" seniors, there would be nothing about that institution of which our class could possibly be ashamed.

At last, we embarked upon our final voyage — that of seniors. With an abundance of hard work behind us, we started our fourth year with pride and joy, determined to make these last five terms the most outstanding in our education.

With the realization that there was a time when High Schools were unheard of, it gives me a great deal of satisfaction to say that I live in this era and that I am going to graduate from Fairhaven High School, terminating four well-filled years.

Letter to a Sick Person

Dear Vic,

I've just herd about you being very sick and have just written. Please don't be mad but I've ben busy betting with the nay-bors. Your a big attraction you know. Everybody is betting weather or not your going to die. I bet ten dollars on you that you are going to die but if you do I'll get you your favorite flower the poppy. Well so long and may your soal reach heven.

Your frend,
Walter

Editor's Note:

Mr. Handy's average for this article was twofold: Humor —A and English (under which mark that for spelling was evidently included)—E. No further explanation, I believe, is necessary!

With the Alumni

Angela Barney—St. Anne's Hospital.
Emily Bettencourt—Jackson College.
Roy Birtwistle—Dana Farm.
Earl Blanchard—Morse Twist Drill.
Alberta Bradbury—The Galley.
Marion Browne—Wheaton College.
Elizabeth Church—William and Mary College.
Robert Conner—Textile School.
Douglas Cowling—Massachusetts State College.
Shirley Davis—Occupational Therapy School.
Barbara Drew—Married—Living in Worcester.
Mary Durfee—Framingham Normal.
Joseph Fox—Coast Guard.
Dorothy Gallop—Truesdale Hospital.
Margaret Ghimussi—Swain School.
Lloyd Gifford—Wilson's Grocery Store.
Joseph Gomes—Working on the Cape.
Ricordo Holt—Apprentice School.
Frances Hubbard—Vocational School.
Standish Kelly—Williston Academy.
Mitchell Klubowitz—Office Help—N. B. Mill.
Lester MacDougal—Atlas Tack.
Gilman Maynard—Textile School.
Elinor McKoan—Cape Chevrolet Co.
Robert Mitchell—Paint Shop.
Thomas Murray—Bryant Stratton.
Constance Osberg—Bridgewater Normal.
Frank Perry—Hathaway Machine Shop.
Leonard Pflug—Atlas Tack.
Elinor Pierce—Five and Ten.
Evelyn Renaud—Bradford Junior College.
Robert Scott—Edgewood High School.
Stanley Shurtleff—Kinyon's Commercial School.
Elizabeth Smith—Library Assistant—Fairhaven.
George Steele—Preparatory School for Annapolis.
Marjorie Stitt—Bradford Junior College.

Marjorie Tripp—Stoneleigh Junior College.

William Tucker—Park Street Garage.

Mary Wing—LaSalle Junior College.

Eleanor Wood—Cherry's.

Alfred Wylodka—Alabama University.

Alice Young—Conservatory of Music.

Achievements of our alumni

Wallace Baylies—a freshman at Tuft's College this year, is a pledge of the Beta Mu chapter of Delta Tau Delta, a member of the orchestra and band, and a member of the News Staff of "The Weekly", the Tuft's newspaper.

Emily Bettencourt—a student at Jackson College is a member of the Freshman Glee Club.

William H. Raymond — is studying this year under Brown's special honors program.

George Steele, Jr. — appointed to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

David Swett — Tuft's College—is a member of the College orchestra and band, and has received his numerals for participation in Freshman football, and is pledged to the Kappa Chapter of Zeta Psi.

Express

Norma Banks

A roaring, rumbling, shrieking, and a flash of gleaming light—
A throaty, screaming rumble in the unsuspecting night—
A red light, then a green light, and the monster disappears
Taking with it ghostly sights, and screeching, tearing fears,
Leaving there an echoing, and memories of might,
Till now, the express flees away, a monster in the night.

“—That Blows Nobody Good”

Shirley Kanter

BIG Mike Killigan stood before the chief's desk, his cauliflowered ears wide open.

Mike, Chief Donlevy was saying, “There ain’t been a murder in Hilton for almost thirty years, and never one that wasn’t solved. Now, that Fielding murder was two weeks ago, and we haven’t a line on it yet. Everybody’s criticizing us, saying what a lousy police force we are. We gotta do somethin’ right away. Mike you’re our ace detective. Go to work on it. Your time’s your own. Well, how about it?”

Big Mike shifted his two hundred and twenty pounds from one foot to the other, a wide, pleased grin spreading across his red, Irish face. “Okay, Chief,” was all he said.

Donlevy rubbed his hands together, and his lean countenance beamed approval. “Fine,” he nodded. “Now, let’s look at the facts as we know them. Fielding’s body was found in a roadside ditch in front of his house early Saturday morning two weeks ago. Karp, the milkman, found him, but made such a hullabaloo about it that a crowd gathered and destroyed many valuable clues before the police could get there. This town’s pretty small and everybody knows everybody else, and no body has tried to blow town.

“Say,” interposed Killigan, “wasn’t that the day the fleet came in? There were lots of strange sailors around then, besides the ones who have homes here. Lots of ’em still here on shore leave, too.”

Yeah,” agreed the chief, “I never thought of that. Well, to get on — Fielding was shot through the head, and the coroner said that, at the time of the finding of the body, he’d been dead twelve to fourteen hours. And that is about all we know of the actual murder,” he concluded. “Of course,” Donlevy added, “we know it’s murder. The suicide theory is full of holes, and besides there wasn’t any gun found.”

"Fielding was always sort of a lonely cuss, wasn't he? Never thought he bothered enough with the townspeople to call them by their first names, let alone anyone who'd want to kill him." Big Mike stopped in his musing suddenly, as if he had been struck — which, as a matter of fact, he had been — by an idea. "The will," he said, "have they read it yet? There was one, wasn't there?"

"Yeah, there was. It was read today, come to think of it. Seems he left ten thousand to some nephew out in California who ain't been found yet. It'll all be in the papers tomorrow night. Us guys on the force are the only ones in the 'know' right now."

Killigan was scratching his bullet head. "Mmm. I gotta idea. Call up the hotels and boarding houses and the people you know who's got sons and brothers in the navy, and find out how many sailors are in town. That oughta be easy, this's such a small seaport. Meanwhile, I'll mosey along and see what I can dig up. S'long, Chief." He raised two fingers in salute, and lumbered out the door.

The next morning, Big Mike was in the Chief's office before the Chief himself. When the eagerly awaited man finally arrived, Killigan asked quickly, "How many?"

"How many what?" asked the Chief, surprised by this unexpected greeting.

"How many sailors in town?"

"Seventeen. I'm quite certain."

"Just as I thought. I telegraphed the ship last night, and found out there are only sixteen on leave. How many in private homes?"

"Ten."

Killigan smacked his huge fist on the desk and fairly yelled "We'll get him yet! Phone this to the papers. 'Police

honor Uncle Sam's boys by inviting them to attend a dance, given for them, at the Town Hall, tomorrow night'."

"Say, man, are you nuts? What has this got to do with Fielding's murder? Honest Mike," Donlevy said tiredly, "this ain't no time for fooling."

"It ain't," promised Mike. "You wait and see."

The following night was raw and biting. A cold wind swept the street, as if some mad demon were urging it on to some awful and horrible revenge.

Big Mike pulled his coat closer around him, and paced the sidewalk between the drugstore and the Town Hall. Gobs alone, with girls, or in groups of two and three passed him.

One tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him for a match. As he stepped into the doorway of the store out of the wind to light his pipe, the match flared, revealing a face singularly unpleasant to look at. He tipped his hat to Killigan, and went on to the dance. Other sailors, very much inebriated, stopped to pat him on the back and invite him to the Hall, but received a cold rebuff and swaggered on, their spirits still undaunted.

After a bit, Big Mike strolled over to the Town Hall, his eyes glued on one sailor-clad figure. He went toward him and seized his arm in a bull-dog like grip. "Carew," the detective said in a deadly tone, "you're under arrest for the murder of your uncle, David Fielding." The sailor tried to jerk away from him, but was unable to free himself. "You're crazy," his voice rose hysterically. "You got the wrong guy. I don't know what you're talking about."

In spite of the seaman's protestations, he was led to the station. There, after a few hours grilling, he confessed.

"Now," added Mike, mopping his brow, "I'll tell the story as it ought to be told. What made me first suspicious was that

the murder should happen on the very night the fleet was in. Of course, it might have been a coincidence, but then again, maybe not. I figured no citizen of Hilton had any reason for wantin' to kill Fielding, because he didn't know anyone. It must have been a stranger then, but no stranger ever escapes notice in this place. Then the answer came to me. A sailor! There'd been lots of them around, and they wouldn't attract any particular attention. So I telegraphed the ship, and found out only sixteen were given shore leave, and there were seventeen here! That meant someone was parading around under false colors. But who? Surely not the ten in private houses. That left seven in the commercial lodging houses. I spent the day finding out about those seven and then suggested a dance, so I could get a good look at all of them. What gob can resist a dance? Sonny boy, here," he indicated Carew, "had to hang around and wait for the will to come out in the papers before he could go back and play the part of the bereaved nephew. To pass the time, he decided to go to the Hall, and it would have looked funny if he hadn't. Well, he made one mistake. However, this is how and why he killed his uncle. He was kinda tired of waitin' for old Fielding to kick off and leave him that ten thousand he'd promised him, so he thought he'd give him a little push. Knowing the fleet was due in at the time, and his uncle's life long habit of taking early, evening walks, he concealed himself in the woods across from his uncle's house, waited for him, and, when he came out for his stroll, shot him. No one heard the shot because he lived so out of the way. Then Carew wanted to make sure the dough was still comin' to him, so he hung around in the sailor's disguise, acting as much as one of 'em as possible, in order to escape close scrutiny. Well ya almost had me beat, but you gave yourself away."

"How?" interrupted the Chief, impatient with the detective's slow speech.

"Wal, it's this way. I spent four years in the navy during the war, and got to know the habits of seamen pretty well. But I never heard of or saw a real seaman seek shelter from the wind to light his pipe.

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